ALPHONSE THE FISHERMAN

MIS LOVE LIFE DEFORD TO SUGGIST

FOR CATTER.

Example for the control of the control of

much for his jugging passion, and he remem-bers, too, that the overseer whipped him many . The overseer stayed on the plantation and tried to run it during the war. He was found dead in 1863, horribly backed with a caneknife. but of course fat, jovial Alphonse had nothing to do with it. Bébée has been "educated." Sh can read and write a little, and play the guitar and do fancy work with the needle. She trans-acts business for the pair, does the buying and selling, takes orders for the fish and delivers them in a little cart, as they are much too large to carry. The bank money is in her name, and ows Alphonse three drinks and three pipes a day. He does the cooking. Years of practice has made him the most excellent catfish cook between Cairo and the mouth of the big river. Bometimes he serves the firm, white flesh with tomatoes and bits of toast and plenty of red pepper, all made into a godlike stew.

Sometimes he serves the firm, white flesh with tomatoes and bits of toast and plenty of red pepper, all made into a godilke stew. Somatimes it is merely fried a golden brown, first dipped in yellow corameal and served piping hot, with not a particle of grease inside the outer crust. Sometimes he makes a chowder of it, or a rich soup of croquettes, but whatever the form in which he serves it, those who eat it come again and come from afar. The head cook of the Natchez, the big steamer which runs between New Orieans and Vicksburg, gave Alphonse \$50 once for catfish recipes and Bebée put the money in the bank. After that the guests on the boat ate tons of fish. They did not want anything else.

There is no close season on catfish, so Alphonse jugs all the year round. On lowering winter days, when the gale from the north howls down the mile-wide stream and great red-colored billows race before it, he is seen far out in his pirogue watching his jugs, but he lowes better these times of summer, when the sun sends the mercury nearly to a hundred in the shade, and the great, glassy river looks like a snake twisting between its banks, so amooth is it. At such times the snow-white head of Alphonse is visible a long way, for he never wore a hat in his life, nor an overseat nor shoes, except when he goes to make and Bebée makes him put them on. Last week he had an order for all of the fish he could furnish, and the Mayor hired him to barbeene them whole for the Fourth of July mass meeting and picnic. There had not been acceptation of the Fourth in Point Coupée ance 1860, but the Mayor said everybody was going to turn out this year and make the universe hump liceld. Alphonse waddled down to the carly mass and prayed that the Roby Jirgin would make the catfish hungrier than ever before, and, when the sun was only a little way high, they dipped their paddles in the water like a duck, and is assharp as a life a cach ead. This boat will not turn over unless you move about a great deal. It is paned from the Blanche, and twe varia

Aurore.

In Alphonse's boat were twenty one-gallon stone lugs, empty and stopped tightly with sorneobs. To the handle of each was a line as talok as a man's little linger, eight fost long, with a luge black hook at the end. There was too, a basket of bast made of old cheese, mixed thick as a man's little finger, eight foot long, with a huge black hook at the end. There was too, a basket of bast made of old cheese, mixed with loose extron to make it stick; in some of the balls of cheese were freeh shrimp, whose heads and tails stuck out. A white man went alons in Alphones's boat to see the fue, and fibble had a luncheon of fried fish, corn mathins, and black coffee, made according to the French fiarket' recipe and carried in a bottle. The girls liths form on the sternast bent forward far, she dug her paddle into the water, her brown bared arms described a balf cirvle and the Belle Aurore aprang twenty feet up the current. Alphonae followed aperly, his strokes slower and saiffer but more powerful, and the yellow water raced past. Fight miles up the river is listed a Mort, where a steamer blew up many years ago, and alphones said that the caffish attracted then by the feast, had made it their home ever since. It was reached in an hour and the old neground for his first drink and first pipe of the showed her nose into the sand, rolled slowly out and took his first drink and first pipe of the lags. The sun was blasting like a furnace when fishing began. Three hundred yards from the upper end of the island alphones baited the hooks

FLIES FAVORITE TIPPLE

Investigations of a Bartender Indicate That It Is Good Fresh Beer.

From the Hartford Courant. A bartender of this city has spent many of his spare moments lately in studying the tastes of lies, and he has come to the conclusion that they love intoxicants and delight in becoming intoxicated. He says that he has seen whole armies of flies intoxicated in his place.

All flies that are found in the saloon, the bar tender said, are usually about the bar or on the ceiling over the bar, and usually all other parts of a saloon are without the pests. This caused the bartender who tells the story to investigate why the flies preferred the vicinity of the bar to other parts of the room. He claims to have put

why the flies preferred the vicinity of the bar to other parts of the room. He claims to have put a quantity of different kinds of liquors and beer on the bar for the benefit of the flies in the room. Fretty soon the bar was all covered with flies, and from the observations of the bartender beer was their favorite drink. They seemed to have a preference for the foamy beer, too, for they partook of it more liberally than they did of any of the other samples that were piaced on the bar. The gin, whiskey and wine and other spirituous liquors which were put out for their benefit were not patronized very liberally, and as soon as the foam had disappeared from the beer it was noticed that the flies would leave and go to other beer that contained foam.

After the flies had partaken of the liquors for some time without being disturbed they flew from the bar to the ceiling over the bar and the bartender thought he noticed evidences of intexication about them. They appeared less active than before they drank the liquor, and there were more of them on the ceiling. To distinguish the flies which had drank of the beer from the other flies be threw white powder over many of them as they lay on the ceiling asleep. They were disturbed by this action and left the ceiling, but soon returned to it, and for several hours they remained in the same place on the ceiling sleeping off the lags.

After the flies had slept off the effects of the liquor they again returned to the lar, and the ceiling soon necame clear of the white backs and the bar was covered with them. The bartender gave them another treat, but this time he only put out beer, stale beer without a "head" and some fresh drawn beer. The fresh drawn beer was given the preference, and it was covered with powdered-back flies in a short time. After the flies had flied up a second time they again went to the ceiling, where they remained. All the time they were watched by the bartender, and his experiments led him to believe that flies are users of intoxicants to excess and that

TWISTED SPIRE ON A CHURCH. According to the Legend a Beautiful Woman

or the Devil Caused It. From the Philadelphia Record. The parish church at Chesterfield, England, has a curious spire. Instead of being perpen-dicular, it is bent and twisted, so that the spire deviates from the perpendicular some six feet to the south and four feet to the west. Stories

and legends relating thereto are numerous and interesting.
One tells that pretty and virtuous women were exceedingly scarce in the town, so scarce that when one day a good and lovely women stepped

exceedingly soarce in the town, so scarce that when one day a good and lovely women stepped within the church to be married, the steeple was astonished and bowed to the bride, and that the bend was made when attempting to regain its original position. The legend is still more unkindly toward the fair sex, for it continues that never will its upright position be regained until another model woman is married beneath.

With many legends the Prince of Darkness is connected, and the best of these is as follows:

The devil flying over town, and tired with extra exertion, settled on the spire to rest. The incense which was being burnt in the church at the time, was waited upward, and so tickled the devil's nose that he gave a terribic sneeze, which so shook the steeple that it was irretrievably twisted. One of the moet intelligent theories put forward regarding the twist in the spire is that the clinging pressure of the lead may have caused an irregular subsidence in the timbers, which have also been powerfully warped by the action of the sun beating through the lead on to the greener parts of the woodwork.

Rumors that the spire was unsafe have been rife, especially about the year 1817, when experts who examined it pronounced it to be in a very unsafe condition. Public opinion was, however, against its demolition, and the steeple still stands, one of the strangest architectual cariosities is the world.

MR. CLOPTON'S VIOLINS. ONE OF THEM MAY POSSIBLY HAVE

DREN THOMAS JEFFERNON'S.

ts Owner Prizes It Because It Is a Nicolas Amati—He Has a Strad. Also—Remenyi's Admiration for Them—Two Fine Fid-dies in the Klondike—Famous Violins.

THE SUN printed a story recently of how the riolin of Thomas Jefferson came into the pos-session of Mr. Albert Hildebrant of Baltimore. The story brought doubtful shakes of the head from some of the wise men who believe that the only test questions St. Peter will ask will be in regard to ancient fiddles. So many famous violins have turned up in the hands of darkies as ancient as the instruments and have been purchased by confiding amateurs, only to be stamped as frauds by the judgment of experts, that violin lovers have grown wary and skep-tical. The story also called forth a protest from Victor Flechter, who wrote to THE SUN that the authentic Thomas Jefferson violin was owned by William C. Clopton, a Virginian, now a lawyer in this city. Since then word has come from a young lady at Lynchburg, Va., who also has the Thomas Jefferson violin, Evidently Virginians famous in history were as well provided with violins as with nurses and coachmen. The violins are coming to light later than the nurses and coachmen. One may believe in a five-hundred-year-old violin, but one hundred and fifty is about the limit for the

ordinary negro servant.

Mr. Clopton, when asked about his his toric treasure. laughed skeptically and showed an irreverent spirit unbefitting a scion of an F. F. V. He said he had a violin which was, he supposed, the one in question; but he had no confidence whatever in the stories sold with violins. He didn't care a rap whether the violin belonged to Jefferson; but he did care immensely about the fact that it was a genuine Nicolas Amati, in a remarkable state of preservation, and one of the fluest existing specimens of what is known as Amati's grand pattern.

"I will show you the violin," he said, "but I'll not tell you the story about it. I haven't any faith in it, and I don't like to have myths associated with my violins. They've enough glory of their own without borrowing any from fletion. I bought the violin in France, where it had been in the possession of a noble family. Thomas Jefferson, as his intimate friends knew. lived for some time in France, travelling there cognito. I was told that the owner of my Amati violin obtained it from Jefferson. The story seemed straight enough, but I do not consider it authentic, because I have no absolute proof of it, and, anyway, it is a matter of utter ndifference to me.

"Almost all of our old Virginian gentlemen played the violin and owned fair instruments. Chere's music in the air down there. Even the birds sing better than they do up here. Thomas efferson was very fond of the violin and had the means to gratify his tastes. He may have owned several good old Italian fiddles-I don't know. If he owned this one of mine he was in uck. George Washington played the violin, too, and his old violins keep turning up in all sorts of places and in remarkable numbers. Just the other day a man brought me a violin all dirty and cracked. That's the way they fix them in order to make them look old, you know. This man told me a long story about the violin which had, he said, belonged to Washington. I looked it over and then told him that I had too much respect for Washington to be-lieve he ever owned so bad a fiddle as that."

Mr. Clopton left the room for a moment, and came back carrying two violins, which he handied so reverently that the reporter felt that it would be the correct thing for him to drop upon his knees. That is what Rivarde, the violinist, did when Mr. Clopton showed him the same violing, and was, perhaps, the reason why Mr. Clopton lent him his wonderful "Emperor Stradivarius." What a piece of generosity that

Mr. Clopton lent him his wonderful "Emperor Stradivarius." What a plece of generosity that was no one can understand save a man who, like Mr. Clopton, owns marvellous violins and is passionately fond of them.

"I would never lend one of my fine fiddles again." Mr. Clopton said decisively. "There are too many chances of their being injured when one is carrying them about the country on trains and cable cars. If any one plays on these fiddles he must do it here; and, some day. I shall give them to the museum. Yes, it's a pity for them to be mute when they can sing as they do; but a violin in use can last only a limited time, and our descendants ought to know what the violin was in its perfection.

"This violin is the one you wanted to know about. I don't think there is another Amati in this country as fine. In fact I know of only one as fine anywhere, and that is owned by a German baron. There are mighty few fine fiddles that turn up in old shops or in the hands of ignorant negroes or dealers. When a fiddle has had the sort of usage it would have under those circumstances it is too far gone to be of value. The violins that retain their beauty have been for generations in families where they were appreciated and had proper care. One doesn't think of the English as being musical; but there's hardly an old family in England that doesn't won a good old violin.

"This Nicolas Amati has a wonderful sweetness, but there's nothing like a Stradivarius. This Strad, of mine is superb. It is so perfectly proserved. These two violins are famous. People from all over the world come here and ask to see them, and the great violinists who visit New York come up and pay their respects to them. We've had some great music here in these rooms.

"Remenyi used to be wild over both violins and when he was in town, would come up and

visit New York come up and pay their respects these coms.

"Hemony used to be wild over both violins; and, when he was in town, would come up and ask for them. Then he would sit down and play hour after hour. He used to work himself into a perfect frenzy over the tone of the violins; and I've seen him sit their and play for four or five hours as if he were inspired or crazy. He would call for a glass of milk every little while, but seemed to grudge the time lost in drinking it, and always played until he was completely exhausted. He used to write me leters, all about the fiddles. Here, I'll read you some extracts from one of his letters. In one he says: The violins haunt me, pursue me. What a fidels. Here, I'll read you some extracts from one of his letters. In one he says: The violins haunt me, pursue me. What a fidels there, I'll read you some extracts from one of his letters. In one he says: The violins haunt me, pursue me. What a fidels the Heavenly Twins. And wherever he went he raved about them. He had two very fine Stradivarius fiddles of his own. One he found in South Africa and the other he discovered in Holland. After his death his son owned them, and they've just now come into the market.

"A great many famous musicians have played on these violins. When Rivarde brought back my Strad, before going back to Europe, he held it until the last moment, and broke down and cried when he finally had to say good on the work of the heaven of the heaven and the properties of the same heaven to care about music. I can't play a note myself. Musicians say that when I town such violins, it's a pity I can't use them; but to me they are the most beautiful things in art, and it is an intense pleasure to look at them, can we have the history of a violin and the theories of its makers. I hope, though the theories of the summary of the warmish is a lost art since ITS. It seems so unfortunate that few persons understand and appreciate a good violin or know the history of a violin and the theories of the summary of the work

A Bride's Troublous Journey to the Matri-

From the New Orlsans Times-Democrat A romantic story was told in the proceedings section B of the Criminal District Court, which had for its finale a marriage in the private office of Judge J. C. Moise. It was the first time in the recollection of the court employees that a marriage had been celebrated in the Criminal Court, and the office was filled with deputies who witnessed the proceeding.

The contracting parties were August Braun strapping blg German, and Miss Augusta Cecilia Neman, a young woman who had been reared by the Sisters of Charity. Both Braun and Miss Neman have been employed at the Charity Hospital, Braun as fireman, and the bride as a domestic. The love story was told and Braun was accepted some time ago.

Thursday was set as the wedding day, and Braun had made arrangements to take his bride to Philadelphia, where he has relatives. All was in readiness, but when Miss Neman attempted to leave the hospital to have the ceremony performed, she was forbidden, and on trying to leave without permission was promptly sent to the House of the Good Shepherd by

the Sister in charge.

Braun was not so easily robbed of a bride, however, and securing the services of Attorney L. P. Paquet he instituted habeas corpus pro-

The writ as applied for read as follows:

The writ as applied for read as follows:

"To the Honorable Criminal District Court is and for the Parish of Orisans:

"The petition of the State of Leuisiana on relation of August Braun of this parish respectfully represents:

"That his afflanced wife and betrothed, Miss Mary Augusta Cecilia Neman, aged 22 rears, is now illegally detained and deprived of her liberty in the House of the Good Shepherd in this city, and the Sister or Mother Superior in this city, and the Sister or Mother Superior in this city, and the Sister or many warrant, legal right or color of commitment from any court or common authority of this parish or State.

State
That your petitioner and said Miss Augusts
That your petitioner and said Miss Augusts

"That your petitioner and said Miss Augusta Cecilia Neman were to be married to-day (July 1, 1898); that they were both working in the Charity Hospital of this city, your petitioner as fireman and the latter as domestic; that they agreed to quit their places of employment on June 30, 1898; that in accordance therewith, the said agreement, your petitioner quit his place of employment on June 30, 1898, and when his affianced wife attempted to quit her employment likewise, two of the Bisters of the Charity Hospital, whose names are unknown, without legal right and authority or warrant in law, illegally and foreibly detained the said Miss Neman in the Charity Hospital, and on June 30, about 3 o'clock P. M., against her will, brought her to the Convent of the Good Shepherd, where she is now detained and deprived of her liberty against her will and consent.

"Helator avers that Miss Neman is 22 years of age and not a minor or interdict, and prays that the writ was applied for during the forencon."

nan released." The writ was applied for during the forenoor and was made returnable at 4 o'clock in the af-

and was made returnable at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

At 4 o'clock court convened, and after the petition had been read, Miss Neman was put on the stand. She testified that she had been sent to the House of the Good Shepherd against her will, and that she was detained there without any authority. She also testified that she was 22 years of age and had been working at the Charity Hospital for the past eight years.

House Surgeon Bloom of the Charity Hospital testified that the reason given by the Sister for sending Miss Neman to the House of the Good Shepherd was to insure the marriage in this ety.

Shepherd was to insure the marriage in this city.

Braun was next called. He said that he was not willing to marry at either the hospital or the House of the Good Shepherd.

The court room was suggested by Mr. Paquet, and it was agreeable to all concerned. Accordingly a deputy was despatched for Judge W. B. Richardson of the First City Court to perform the ceremony. There was some delay in finding Judge Richardson, and it was not until after to clock that the blushing bride and her stalwart groom were made man and wife in Judge Moise's office. The witnesses were clerks and deputies, and the novel marriage was duly celebrated.

brated.

Mr. and Mrs. Braun left the court together with the best wishes of the witnesses to the ceremony. They took a night train for Philadelphia, where their home will be.

PRIZES FOR GOOD MAIDSERVANTS. The Fund Founded by Isanc Duckett of London in 1620.

"It is a mistake to think that the servant question is comparatively new," said a man just home from London, "and nothing that I saw or heard in all England interested me more than the proof that way back in the beginning of the seventeenth century maidservants were, as a class, flighty and unreliable. A fund was established in 1620 to reward maidservants who had been faithful to their mistresses, and, curiously enough, it has attracted very little attention. Issue Duckett founded this fund. He was a prosperous old citizen of London, living in the parish of St. Clement Dane's, and there he died in 1620. The records show that his wife's chief trouble in life was her difficulties in keeping maidservants in her employ. As soon as Mrs. Duckett would train a neat maid to do her work, the girl would find it profitable or convenient to go to some other mistress. Mrs. Duck ett's distress was felt by Mr. Duckett, who was something of a seventeenth century reformer and philanthropist. For the benefit of posterity, when he died in 1620, he left a sum of money, about £400, to be invested, and, aecording to his will, the income of it was to be awarded to servants who had served their mistresses faithfully. The conditions which Isaac stipulated have been observed carefully down to the present day. According to them, maidservants, to be eligible, must be not less than 25 years of age, and must have lived for seven consecutive years in the upper portion of the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn. They must also produce satisfactory testimonials as to their character as servants. Those who wish to apply for a share of this reward have only to notify the clerk of the charity and appear at the parish house of the church on the date specified by the bequest. The inst award was made a month ago, and there were fifteen applicants. Each maid was neatly dressed, and each bore a written guarantee of her faithfulness from her present employer. The names of the successful ones were not made public. I suppose that this precaution was to prevent the prize winners from being tempted away from their mistresses by women who were looking for domestic jewels and were willing to pay high wages. The original £400 was invested in real estate in Dartford, Kent, and this property is now valued at £7,000. I felt, after learning of this fund, that I should like to have known oid Isaac Duckett and his good wife. I have no doubt that his fund has been an incentive to good work to many a housemaid." was something of a seventeenth century re-

VANISHED LUNATICS.

The Strange Disappearance of an Insane Family from Their Home in Paris. From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Parts, June 28 .- A family of lunatics has disappeared, and, though search is being made, none of its members are to be found. The story is an odd one. About a week ago the dwellers in a usually

very quiet house were awakened in the dead of night by the cries of "Murder!" "Help!" which were loudly repeated several times. The occu-pants rose in alarm from their couches and proceeded to the door of the flat whence the oises emanated, and thumped and rang until

proceeded to the door of the flat whence the noises emanated, and thumped and rang until it was opened. The apartments were occupied by a business man, his wife and two children. The father came to the door in a very dishevelled state, and in reply to anxious questions as to the cause of the screaming said: "It is my wife, who has gone mad through bestowing too much attention on hypnotism, and wants to kill me," The neighbors were naturally enough to much attention on hypnotism, and wants to kill me," The neighbors were naturally enough somewhat alarmed by this terrifying statement, and at once proceeded to the help of the poor lady so terribly afflicted.

Much to their surprise, when they came to the lady herself, she announced on her part that it was her husband who had taken leave of his senses, and was desirous of killing her. The children were next interrogated, and to complicate matters, one stardly maintained that the father was mad, while the other was equally obstinate in her belief that the mother was in that distressing state. After some time the neighbors succeeded in calming this storm in a tea cup, and peacy reigned once more. In the small hours of the morning, however, the man, attired only is a single garment, rushed frantically down the stairs, and, boilting to the office of the Police Commissary of the district, dashed in, shouting: "My wife is slaying me; she is going to stab me with a dagger."

The officer, who was already acquainted with the peculiar situation, hurried off to the abode of the family, leaving the man to be looked after. As he opened the door a loud report reached his cars, and a builet imbedded itself in the door at his side. The policeman, not wishing to be shot by a mad woman, went for some comrades, and four men were stationed outside the flat, with orders to arrest the woman when she made an appearance. The four were relieved by another four, and this went on for something over twenty-four hours, at have happened within, as all sounds of life had ceased. The door was bro

GIVEN AWAY BY MABEAS CORPUS. THE SHAKERS OF LEBANON. GLIMPSE INTO THE ROUTINE OF THAT HAVEN OF REST.

> The Sisters and the Simple Lives of Duty, Work and Pleasure That They Lead-Their Tasks and How They Perform Them Their Remarks at Beligious Services.

LEBANON SPRINGS, N. Y., July 9.-This soft curve of a valley is like a big green nest. In it, like so many eggs, lies a cluster of villages There is Lebanon and West Lebanon, New Lebmon and Lebanon Centre, and finally Lebanon Springs, which is almost crowded over the dge of the nest and threatens to tumble into the next valley. But even this goodly assortment of Lebanons does not exhaust the list, for there is still another one, two miles further down the valley and set on a mammoth terrace half way up the towering hill. This is Mount Lebanon, where the Shakers dwell in peace, purity and a prosperity estimated by outsiders as a question of millions of dollars. From the Springs the Shaker village is just a good walking distance, over a smooth road fringed with

daisies, clover and buttercups.

The Shaker village is divided into four "families" of about fifty members each. The first one, counting from the Springs, is generally called "the north family," on account of its geographical relation to the other two. But the Shakers are not averse to having their own little jokes; consequently, when this family built an enormous stone barn, the others chris tened it "the barn family;" and later, when this enterprising part of the colony began laying pipes for cold water and for hot water and for steam and everything else pipable, their name was changed to "the pipe family." In the same way the next group is known to outsiders as "the centre family," though the Shakers call it "the meeting-house family." The last one is called "the chair-factory famly," and that finishes the list.

The great stone barn referred to is the first limpse one has of the remarkable collection of buildings included in the village. Coming to the top of a little rise in the road, the great slate roof stretches off to the right, like the roof of a big factory. At the left of the road is one of the several ice-houses scattered the length of the village. There is only one street in the place, and that isn't really a street. It is only the State road," along which the houses are built in a long line.

Two women turned in at the gate before a ong white building five stories high. Everyhing was in perfect condition; the white fence and house, the green blinds, the stone walks, the painted hydrant, the water spouts, the carriage steps-every detail was in perfect repair. and the mechanical contrivances were not less oright and clean than the old-fashioned flowers themselves, which bloomed in such profusion No one was in sight when they opened the gate, but a moment later a woman came out of house about twenty yards distant. She had gray hair, the complexion of a girl, and were a traight, simple gown with a large kerchief folded around her shoulders. "Can we have dinner here, sister?" the visit-

ors asked as she came up.
"Yes," she answered deliberately, taking a careful estimate apparently of our possible "Yes, I guess I can get you someorthiness. thing. Would you like to go back to the sewing ouse with me?"

house with me?"

Her two women visitors were more than willing, and were soon seated in an apartment where the scrupulous cleanness was universal. The bare, polished floor shone; the white curtains at the windows hung in carefully broned plaits; there were several low work tables, each hung with a snowy valence and provided with tidy spools and other paraphernalia. Before each table was a Shaker chair, upholstered as to the seat with home-made stuff, and there was the tiniest of tiny footstools, consisting of two steps, like a "play" stepladder. Everything seemed as if it never had been used and never would be used. It was like model rooms in expositions, only immeasurably cleaner and more perfect.

There were steam radiators in every one of the rooms afterward visited, but they

There were steam radiators in every one

There were steam radiators in every one of the rooms afterward visited, but they seemed ill at ease, while the prim little stoves, which looked like a child's picture of a pig more than like anything else, were perfectly enrapport with their surroundings. Upstairs in the sewing house there were rows of sewing machines, but the big apartment was deserted and each machine wore a hood to keep the dust from it.

The women used to work here at making shirts for the Troy dealers, but for the present, at least, this has been discontinued. In a little alcove at one end was the loom for weaving the bonnets of rye straw. The sister who makes these is about 80 now, but she can not only make the bonnets which the Shakers themselves wear, but she weaves they doll bonnets, in demand by visitors. The cherries were being picked for market that day, and the sister had left her loom to help with the fruit. There were the cross straws, however, of dried palm leaf cut into fine strips. A wet cloth lay on them to keep them from growing dry and brittle.

By this time the sister who had welcomed the visitors had brought a younger sister to take care of them while the meal was being prepared. Those who do not believe in heredity would have reason to think over the case of Sister C. Her father was one of the members of the Brook Farm ceiony. So was her mother. Her father was an agitator of sociological questions: weested with problems of factory labor.

Brook Farm colony. So was her mother. Her father was an agitator of sociological questions; wrestled with problems of factory labor and issued, from his own handigress, tract after tract on these subjects. His daughter C., at the age of 13, had quite decided that matters were very much mixed, and that the universe was topsy-turcy. She announced her intention, at last, of giving the universe one more chance, as it were, to prove that it was not a complete failure. The said above marked to go and visit all failure. The said above marked to go and visit all

as it were, to prove that it was not a complete failure. She said she wanted to go and visit all the communistic societies and find out whether they had done anything toward solving the proteins which puzzled her.

Her mother was taken aback, but finding the mothers which puzzled her.

Her mother was taken aback, but finding the would pay the personal friend. She said she would pay the personal friend. She said she would pay the personal friend she so out of the reome there. She hoped that Candot her come there. She hoped that Candot her come her desire to wrestle with the problems for her and in spite of opposition she became a full member of the order.

The visitors had searcely got acquainted with Shakers had solved these problems for her, and in spite of opposition she became a full member of the order.

The visitors at in a separate room, quite removed from the general dining room, where at different tables the brethren and the sisters at in unbroken silence. The visitors' dining room is another of the spotless a partments which are so attractive a feature of Shakerdom. No meat is served, but that does not preclude a table spread with good things. Good broad, white and brown: good butter; milk which would be called cream were it not for the pitcher of real cream beade it; eggs, potatoes, lettice, honey, preserved, fresh cherries, preserved apples, cake which fails arart at a touch, warm cherry pic, cheese and other good things. No excuse for hunger there. Flowers were on the fable, the linen was snowy, and the pink-cheeked, so had not a clade a cheery and a singer was at hand with a smile and a cheery. Her range is more like a furnace in an engline room. The bed of coals reaches back fully four feet under the oven, where dozens of loaves can bake at a time. And yet not a cinder is in sight—not even a stray pluch of ashes. The great moulding table is as spotless as a mahogany sideboard. One could eat off the floor.

"Come into the kitchen now," says Sister Katharine, taking her list had of here you have con

great airy place with an arched ceiling, like a drill room. The floor is of polished wood, the walls and ceiling of rough plaster, and the woodwork is painted a light blue. A strip of wood or is painted a light blue. A strip of wood runs around the wall within reaching distance. It has a row of big wooden pegs, and on these the sisters hang their straw bonnets when they come in. Underneath these straw shakers most of the women wear the charming close bonnet of bobbinet, exquisitely fromed. Their "meeting gowns" are of soft gray or fawn color, made with piain waists and platted skirts. They wear a broad white silk kerchief about their shoulders.

The brothren, on the other hand, dress up as any villager might for Sunday. Their clothes are of the town; so are their ready-made ties; and so are their shoes. The women, on the contrary, wear very pretty, soft shoes made of the cloth to match their gowns, and as flexible as paper.

It is said that the Shakers speak in meeting

the cloth to match their gowns, and as flexible as paper.

It is said that the Shakers speak in meeting only as the spirit moves them. If this is true, then the spirit is very forehanded "In some cases, giving the members a chance to prepare their remarks in advance and commit them to memory. On a recent Sunday one of the brethren had been "moved" far enough in advance to write out a long discourse. This he read, rankly using such expressions as: "The thought comes to me this morning," and so on. There was no sermion. The brethren and sisters spoke at greater or less length; the brethren at greater and the sisters at less length, to be accurate. Many of them referred to the war and, while deploring its occurrence, patriot-cally upheld the motives and the course of the United States.

But, to go back to the day with the Shaker

and, while deploring its occurrence, patriotically upheld the motives and the course of the United States.

But, to go back to the day with the Shaker sisters. After the callers had visited the buildings they went back to the visitors' room, as it is called—a reception room to which strangers are admitted. Opening from it was the visitors' bedroom, where women "inquirers" sleep. Around all of these rooms ran a high strip of wood full of large pers, and in the visitors bedroom a row of chairs hung from these pegs, as in a Bluebeard's chamber.

Sister Katharine and Sister Ada sat and talked—talked of many things—of the war, of the silver question, of books, of the new magazines, of other sociological experiments, of Rose Hawthorne Lathrop's work in the New York slums, of the pseuliarities of the Shaker creed. And finally, when they came away, Sister Katharine walked to the gate with us to tell us about the latest developments in vivisection and then went off to join a group of sisters who were going for a pienic supper in a picture-sque ravine near by. The valley lay spread out in all the beauty of late afternoon: the birds saug in the grove across the road: there wasn't a sound of turmoil, a breath of strife. The village, in its perfect condition, lay like a crown at the summit of its thousands of green aeres. And yet the dwellers in this little haven of rest and comfort are gradually dwindling, and the world will have none of it.

BEACH-LA-MAR.

The Jargon of the South Seas Which Blackbirders Employ with Their Victims.

The blackbirder would describe himself as an honest tradesman if he were asked his own opinion of himself and his calling. People who udge only by what they see, and are not apt in the niceties of speech, would call him the slave trader of the Pacific. He is the middleman in the business. Off in the New Hebrides and the Solomons and New Britain, and down Guinea way, there are islands crowded with cannibals who know not the blessings of civilization, and who never did a stroke of work in their lives In Fiji and Queensland and Samoa are great plantations which need men to till them. Men are needed all the time for the great plantations which turn out sugar and copra, but use up men. The blackbirder brings the cannibal the canefields, by trick or by force.

Coming from a score of widely separated slands, the black boys speak many different languages. The white men who take charge of them make no effort to learn even a single one of the black boy tongues. They do not provide any means by which the slave can learn English, which, even under the most favorable circumstances, is almost an impossibility to the islander. Out of the babel the trader, the blackbirder, the overseer, and the black boy blackbirder, the overseer, and the black boy have evolved a jargon which answers all purposes, and is known from end to end of the Pacific. This jargon is called beach-la-mar, taking its name from the sallor's rough and ready pronunciation of bech-de-mer, one of the most valuable products of the tropical Pacific seas. Most of its words are English broken by rough usage, some are common island words, some are scarcely recognizable as either. There is no grammar, no syntax, no inflection. A word is a verb or it is a noun, just as it may happen. It is the mere skeleton of a speech. But it serves his purpose, if the black boy does not understand the word fitly spoken, there are other things he can comprehend at once.

Simple means attain the desired end. "Soon bimeby" denotes an event just passed. Invert it, "bimeby soon" means an event just about to happen. Good is compared, "Good," "more better," bully good. "Kaikai" is to eat, the thing caten. It is a grim saying of the black boy. "Bimeby soon you bully good kaikai." If it is down in the Solomons he knows just what he means; your last doubts, if you have any, are removed when you are made ready for baking.

A black boy was sent with a note to deliver at a distance. Usually the recipient puts his initials on the empty envelope and sends it back in order that it may be seen that the errand has been properly performed. To make sure he was catechized and ordered to describe the person to whom he gave the note. Thus he did it: "Ole man, him fellow fat. enhave evolved a jargon which answers all pur-

make sure he was catechized and ordered to describe the person to whom he gave the note. Thus he did it: "Ole man, him fellow fat, co-conut blongs him grass no stop." He had faithfully done his duty, for the note had been sent to a stout, elderly man of great baldness.

Another black boy became aware of a long and dangerous illness of a young man. At last the invalid was carried out in his convalescence to sit on the versanda in the fresh air. The black boy seemed to feel asympathy one hardly looks for in them. With tears in his eyes he asked the young man's mother:

"What for you no plant him?"

In some way it became necessary for a black boy in domestic employment to speak of the plano. He had no name for it, but an observant mind carried him over the difficulty: "Big bockus, you fight him, he cry."

WOODEN MEAT SKEWERS.

Made in Great Variety and Used in Enormous Numbers-Many Exported.

Wooden meat skewers are made almost exclusively of hickory, and, like many other manufactures of wood, they are made in fneories located in proximity to the forests whence the wood of which they are made is taken. Wooden skewers are made mostly in the West. They are produced in great numbers n Tennessee and Ohio.

Hickory skewers are made in various lengths, four and a half, five, five and a half, six, and seven inches, and up to giant skewers sixteen inches long, and all but the four and a hal inch skewer, which is made of a gauge or diameter of five-thirty-seconds of an inch, are made in two or more gauges. Thus the sixinch skewer is made in gauges of seven-thirty-seconds. fifteen-sixty-fourths, and four-sixseconds. Iffeen-sixty-fourths, and four-sixteenths of an inch. So that, simple a thing as
a ment skewer may seem to be, it is in reality
an article that is made in large variety.

The skewers are made wholly by machinery,
and are sold very cheap. They are put up in
bundles that vary in the number of skewers
contained according to the size of the skewers,
and they are packed in cases that vary likewise. Thus the smallest skewers are put up
250 in a bundle, and 80,000 in a case. Of eightinch skewers, six-sixteenths gauge, there are
packed 9,600 in a case and so on. Skewers are
pused for other purposes than skewering meat
together. Great numbers of the smallest size
are used in markets in tagging ment for delivery. Many larger skewers are used in securing bagging put around quarters of beel for
transportation.

Skewers of the smaller sizes are those most
used. The total consumption of skewers in
this country amounts to billions annually.
Large numbers of American skewers are exported, the greater number of those exported
being of the larger sizes. We send hickory
skewers to England. South Africa, South
America, and Australia. teenths of an inch. So that, simple a thing as

The Patriotic and Disappointed Beggar. As usual the street beggar has caught the drift of popular sympathy and turned it to his profit. In various parts of the city one meets ditapidated individuals who come up whining: Please, sir, can you help a poor man? Please, sir, can you help a poor man? I wanted to list for the army and they wouldn't have me: and I wanted to list for the navy and they wouldn't have me neither. They said I'd consumption or heart disease or something. It's hard times when a poor man can't even fight for his country, and I've 10 cents, and if I'd five more I could get a bed, as I haven't isen in bed for a week, and so on.

The tale is usually successiu, particularly with young women gowned in military fashion.

Hawaii's Anti-Mouth-Sprinkling Law. From the Purific Commercial Advertiser,

From the Positic Geometrial Advertiser.

Although the law in the matter of sprinkling of clothes with the mouth has received the approval of the President and gone into effect, the nuisance, if so it may be termed, has not absated to any great extent. In the broad day-light scaple may pass by the laundry shops of any of the Chinese who attend to the washing and ironing of clothes and there see every one of the Chinese who attend to the washing and ironing of clothes and there see every one of the Chinese who attend to the washing and ironing to the chinese who attend to the see every one of the Chinese who attend to the see every one of the Chinese who altered to the mouth from bowls and spraying it out on the elothes about to be fromed. So far there have been but five arrests, and all of these have been made by Bicycle Patrolman William Vida.

GREELEY IN PIKE COUNTY.

RUINS OF THE COLONY WHICH THE EDITOR FOUNDED THERE.

He Wanted to Test Fourierism, but Rattlesnakes and Frost Were You Much for the Scheme After Worthless Persons Had Joined It-How Greeley Pinched a Child.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., July 5.-Greeley, Pa., is twenty miles west of this village. It does not differ materially from the other litthe farming settlements in this region except the way it came into being, it was here, amid the giant trees and the rocks of Pike county that, in the year 1842, Horace Greeley founded a colony to make a practical test of Fourierism, which was at the time receiving much attention from philanthropists and students of economies. This colony was backed financially by the Sylvanian Society, the contributions coming from far and wide. In many cases there were invested the small savings of money, as well as the time and labor, of working people and craftsmen. The idea was a cooperative farming commune on the principle of equality of rank, in which all worked together for a nmon purpose-the men in the fields and at their trades, and the women in the homes, at the looms or with the needle, each department in charge of a "group." The men and wemen ived in a large house, and there were provisions and even inducements made for those who wished to marry.

For some reasons the colony was a failure from the beginning. The rattlesnakes were so large and plentiful that they were a constant and serious menace; then the colony came to be a refuge for ne'er-do-wells and women of not lofty ideas, and finally a severe frost on the 4th of July, 1845, destroyed the crops and com-pletely disheartened the remaining carnest believers in and workers for the colony. They left in a body, and the factories and buildings finally succumbed to the ravages of time and the enterprise of the mountaineers. It is said that even the lead pipes that brought water from the springs in the hills were dug up and moulded into bullets to kill deer and bear where once grew the fields of corn. Greeley took the failure much to heart, and himself reimbursed many investors for their pecuniary losses.

This is briefly the history of Greeley, Pa., and this is where Horaco Greeley gained the experience that gave rise to one of his few cynical reflections. This latter concerned the usefulness of Pike county as a breeding place for good rattlesnakes and the ultimate abiding

reflections. This latter concerned the usefulness of Pike county as a breeding place for good rattlesnakes and the ultimate abiding place of all bad whiskey. Greeley, or Taylortown, as it is now sometimes called in honor of a subsequent owner, is to-day a collection of straggling houses along the rough and rocky road from Lackawaren to Shohola Falls. One might pass it without being aware of a village. There is a Post Office, but no country store of the conventional rural picturesqueness exists to give any sense of life and activity. The few houses and all the sombre surroundings have apparently never resovered from the gloom of a great failure. Here is one place where, after many years, the great qualities of a great man are not appreciated.

Greeley is four or five miles from the Delaware River, on the south bank of which is the Eric Railroad. During the days of the colony there was no railroad, and the route travelled by the great editor was to Newburg by boat and thence to the Pike county settlement by stage. This was over the famous Milford and Owego turnpike route used by travellers to and from the West. After the railroad came through the stage route fell into gradual disuse, until now it is almost obliterated by brush and saplings. One may walk along it for miles to-day without seeing a habitod dwelling, and of late years many a deer has been killed by huntamen on the dim furrow through the woods.

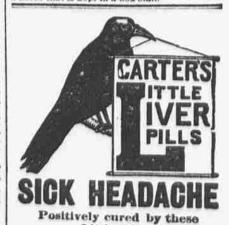
The old village of Milford was an important station in staging days, and tales of the great man are still told there. None of them has figured as the basis of so many different anecdotes as the episode of Greeley's walk with other passengers two miles after the stage broke down one dark night. Greeley was unrecognized, and listened uncomplainingly to some unflattering rustle opinions of himself while he washed his feet at the inn pump. Later he sat up and mended a garment by the light of the kitchen fire. The appearance did not affect him greatly, but his trousers had given way, and he could scarcely walk. The pinching my arm. I tried to slip down after a gittle, but he held me close and wouldn't let me go. Presently I wriggled around so that I could see his face. It was very far away in expression and his mind was evidently working upon some distant problem as industriously as his fingers were pinching my arm. I began to get alarmed, but the more I struggled the tighter he held me and the harder he pinched.

"I remembered that I was suddenly terrified by the thought that I was being punished for having anything to do with a stranger, which had been impressed upon me before we started. I wondered if I would ever see my mother again, but the feeling that my captor must be propitiated kept me from calling for help. After what seemed hours my father came out and saw my dilemma at once. He came up to us, and when he came close his expression of annoyanes gave way to one of interest. 'Arn't you Hornee Greeley?' he asked at length. Then my oblivious captor woke up, and I ran to find my mother. Greeley was the name of the man who ruled our house, and I was inexpressibly disappointed. My father always said, Greeley says this just as reverently as he would say. 'The Bible says that,' and I had somehow fancied that he must look like the picture of God in one of those old-time illustrated Bibles. My arm was black and blue from the experience, and I have often wondered what editorial article I was the means of inspiring. Perhaps it was some scheme for the betterment of mankind that he was working out on me, but I never hear Horace Greeley's name mentioned without thinking of the time I was imprisoned in his arms."

HORSE MUZZLES.

Made of Wire and Leather-Chiefly Used to Keep Horses from Eating Their Bedding.

The muzzle occasionally seen on a horse in he street is to keep the animal from biting. But muzzles are ordinarily used on horses in their stalls to keep them from eating their bedding, and they are most commonly used on running and trotting horses in training. These horses are trained with great care, and it is horses are trained with great care, and it is important that they shall cat only the food that is provided for them. Horse muzzles are made of wire and leather. More muzzles of direction of leather are sold, the wire muzzle being the cheaper. A wire muzzle can be bought for 5 cents. The most expensive muzzle costs 54. It is handsomely made of fine materials, and is called a box muzzle—not on account of its shape, but because it is likely to be used on a horse that is kept in a box stall.



Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausca, Drowsk ness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue

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